

# Full Moon Story

The Banzai Anime Klub of Alberta Monthly Newsletter

November  
1992



B-Chan Fold-out  
Poster Inside!!!

# Credits

(Whom To Blame)

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CAM CAVERS  
WARREN FREY

HARVEY LEE  
WOLF WIKLEY

GRAFIX

## ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTORS:

CORY CHAW ☼ COVER ART  
WINSON LAI ☼ POSTER, BILL  
LESTER YUNG ☼ PORTRAITS

BURHAN SYED ☼ TECHNICIAN

RICK FUNG ☼ BAKA PRESIDENT

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-ED.



おまえたちはほんとうにバカね。

FMS

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# A Word From The Editors

## Cameron Cavers



Welcome to the first issue of "Full Moon Story", the Banzai Anime Klub of Alberta's new monthly newsletter. You may be wondering why we're bothering to publish another newsletter, when BAKA already has a quarterly magazine, "B.A.K.A. no baka". By the time you've worked your way through to the back cover, hopefully it will be obvious as to why this publication exists.

I have several reasons for devoting my precious spare time to this project. There are things that would just be out of place in a fanzine such as "B.A.K.A. no baka", but could be published in another form. First of all, as you should know by the time you read this, "B.A.K.A. no baka" has gone to a full color cover. This will hopefully bring an increase in circulation, but if we sell more subscriptions to people outside our club, less and less news about BAKA will appear in the fanzine. After all, will subscribers in the United States and Europe want to read about what we did in Edmonton last month? Will a schedule of videos to be shown in the next month be useful to people who will, in all probability, never even visit Edmonton? Probably not; chances are it would just make readers of the fanzine feel as if they are missing out on all the fun we have here.

Aside from that, I have another motive for doing this: to present an interesting and informative look at anime. This means creating a publication that has a distinct, easily accessible style, creative layout and art direction, and a different outlook on anime. In fact, I'm hoping that we can diverge from anime occasionally; since this is a magazine about the club, it should reflect the diverse interests of the members of the club. This might mean articles on music, Japanese culture, art, movies, and technology, to name but a few topics. (Understand, though, that anime will still be our primary focus!)

Also, keep in mind that none of our group are incredibly experienced desktop publishers; this means that although we are quite competent at putting together a newsletter, we may have some fresh ideas that depart from the paradigms of the publishing world. (Don't, however, expect to see any upside-down paragraphs or invisible ink messages in the text.) So, enjoy the first issue of Full Moon Story. We welcome your comments, so don't be afraid to tell us what you like or dislike; hopefully, your comments will include more of the former than the latter!

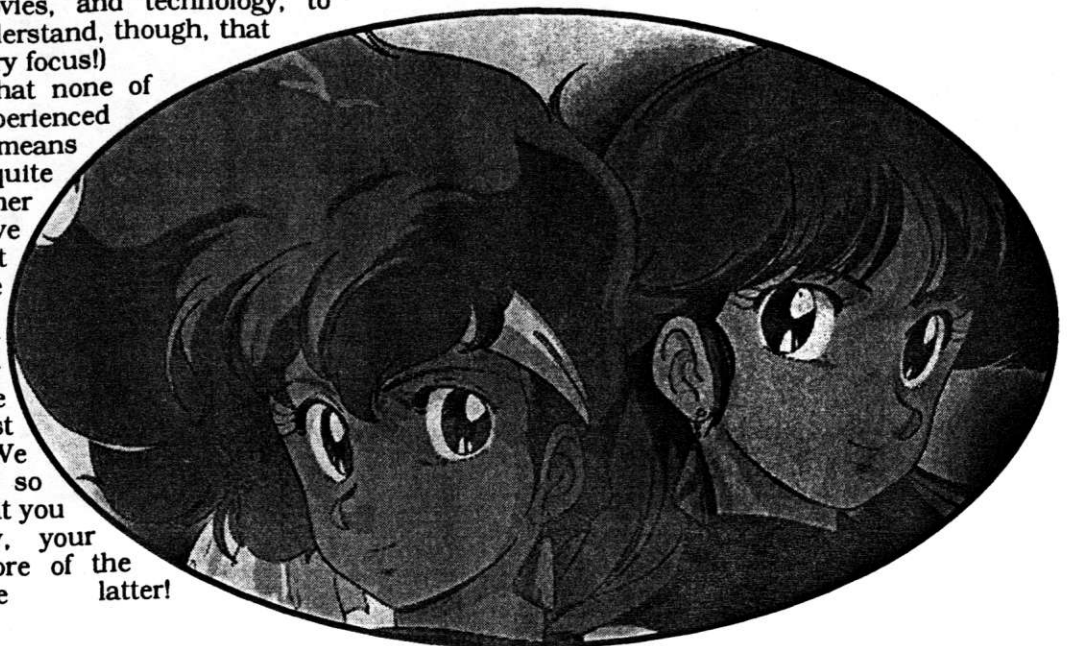
## Wolf Wikeley



*Irasshaimase.* First and foremost, I would like to welcome all of our readers to this first issue of the new BAKA newsletter. Arising parallel to Mr. Pohnert's "B.A.K.A. no baka", "Full Moon Story" is an attempt to create a more local, artistic publication. In contrast to BNB's focus on anime and manga synopses and reviews, FMS concentrates mainly on original visual art and prose, as well as current events in the Banzai Anime Klub of Alberta. And, perhaps most importantly, we're going to try to release FMS on a regular, monthly basis - hence its name.

For those of you who've already wondered about the rather unusual title of our magazine, I'll just note that it refers both to the periodicity of its publication (parallel to the cycle of the moon), and to the title of an album by Japanese keyboard master Kitaro. There's no lack of significance to this choice in naming our publication; as I've hinted at, Messrs. Lee, Frey, Cavers, and myself are concentrating on the more artistic side of our anime fandom - including related areas of Japanese culture in general. Hence, FMS is liable to be oft embellished with *kanji* (Chinese characters) and Japanese phrases. Usually, we'll try to translate. But one point I'm going to be trying to make a number of times throughout the course of our work is the inestimable value of studying the Japanese language and culture.

So, in short, I definitely hope you're going to have fun with this project - at least as much fun as my co-workers and I are. I think that with original fiction, original drawings, and a policy of morality but generosity on the part of the editors, "Full Moon Story" will prove a successful addition to the credits of the Banzai Anime Klub of Alberta.



# Lunar Retrospective

by Cam Cavers

A few things happened in September that should probably be mentioned here, so this article will cover both September and October's events. The Fall session at the U of A started in September with BAKA manning a table on the main floor of the Students' Union Building, with the hopes of attracting new members. Well, it worked; the membership of our little club ballooning to, at last count, sixty-eight. (not bad for a club that just celebrated its first birthday!)

While I'm on the topic of birthdays, I'll skip to October, when BAKA held its first birthday party at the Royal Fork Buffet. The food was decent; that is, at least Rick and Ben thought so... they whole-heartedly accepted the "all-you-can-eat" concept. Since the Royal Fork provided us with a separate dining area, we were able to bring in our TV and VCR; *Bubblegum Crash*, *City Hunter*, and *Yotoden 2* were among the choices on the video menu. I'm sure those who attended are already looking forward to the second birthday party.

I'll jump back to September now... BAKA's open video meeting was a great success; nobody counted exactly how many people showed up, but I'm guessing that about forty to fifty anime fans were present. Newcomers were entertained with old favourites such as *Riding Bean*, *Gundam 0083* and *Kimagure Orange Road*; I think the meeting left us feeling confident that anime fandom has a future in Edmonton.

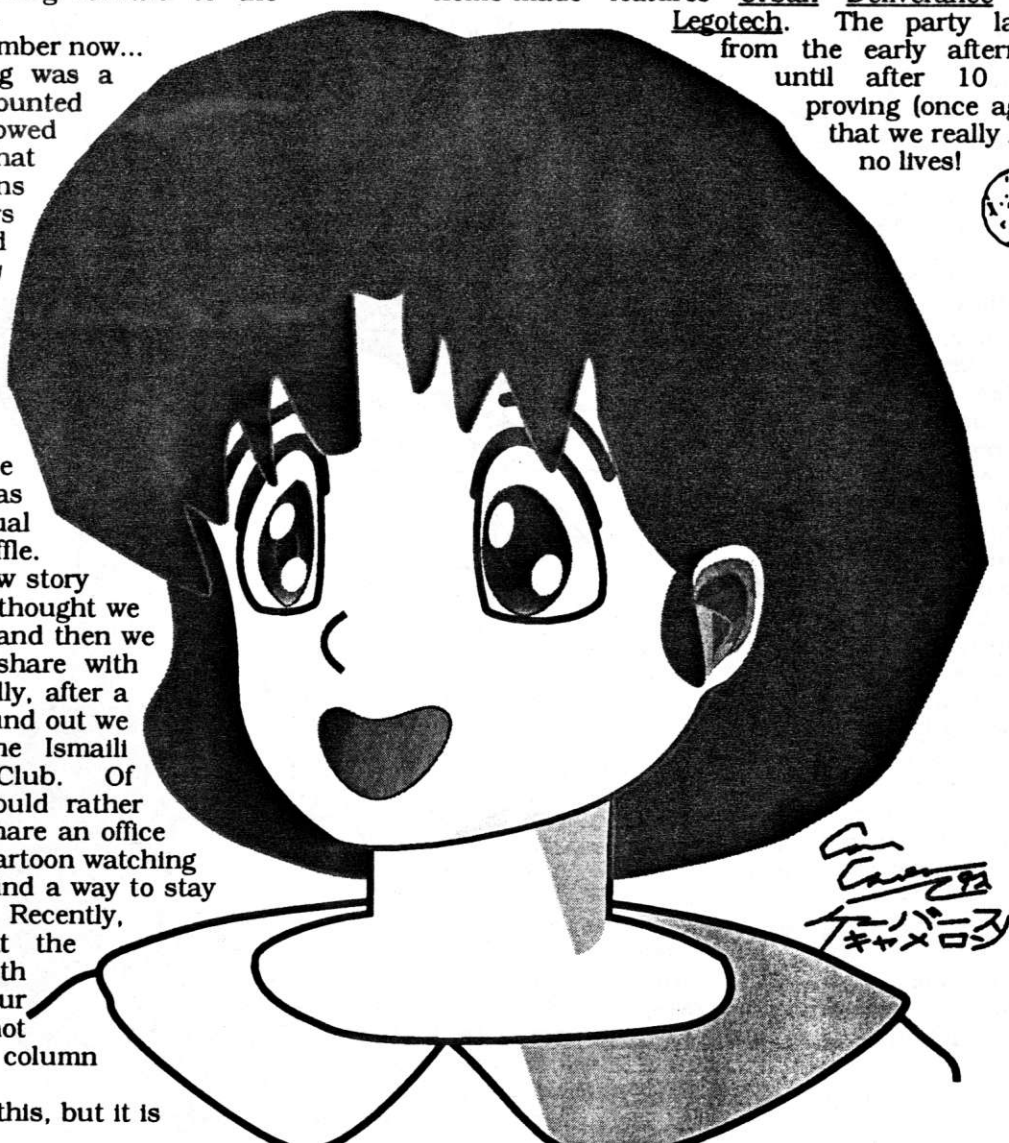
A little less confidence and a lot more anxiety was expressed during the annual Student's Union office shuffle. It seems like we heard a new story every hour; at one time, we thought we would be without an office, and then we heard we would have to share with numerous other clubs. Finally, after a student club meeting, we found out we would be sharing with the Ismaili Students and the Chess Club. Of course, the Chess Club would rather play chess in peace, than share an office with a bunch of obnoxious cartoon watching geeks, so they managed to find a way to stay in their previous quarters. Recently, there has been talk that the Ismailis will be trading with WUSC and Alternativa, so our office situation is still not written in stone. Watch this column for further updates.

I hate to have to write this, but it is

necessary. I'm sorry to say that there has been a death in the BAKA family. That's right, our VCR has finally passed away, leaving us feeling a little empty, cold frankly bored out of our minds. (or maybe it was some sort of message, considering it died just before mid-term week!). A resurrection was attempted, but even our resident repairman Andy couldn't keep the VCR alive. If we can't find a replacement, the only animation showing will be the *Tiny Toons* at noon every day. (Wolf can hardly wait!)

Well, BAKA's other publication, "B.A.K.A. no baka", has printed its first colour cover. The move to colour brings our little fanzine a chance at much greater exposure, and yes, even the possibility of making a profit!

Finally, BAKA's Halloween party was a hit; for those of you who missed it, BAKA got its first peek at the *Ranma 1/2 Movie*, as well as the classic home-made features Urban Deliverance and Legotech. The party lasted from the early afternoon until after 10 pm, proving (once again) that we really have no lives!



# 4-sight 5x5

## The future of BAKA

Wolf Wikeley

Ask our acting President Fung Ricksan or former President Koshy "Koshy Atom" Bensen, and you'll quickly discover that the future of our club, in terms of scheduling,

planning, details, and the like, is about as clear as the North Saskatchewan. However, I can hint at a few things that ourselves and the various members of the club will be planning in the next few weeks to months.

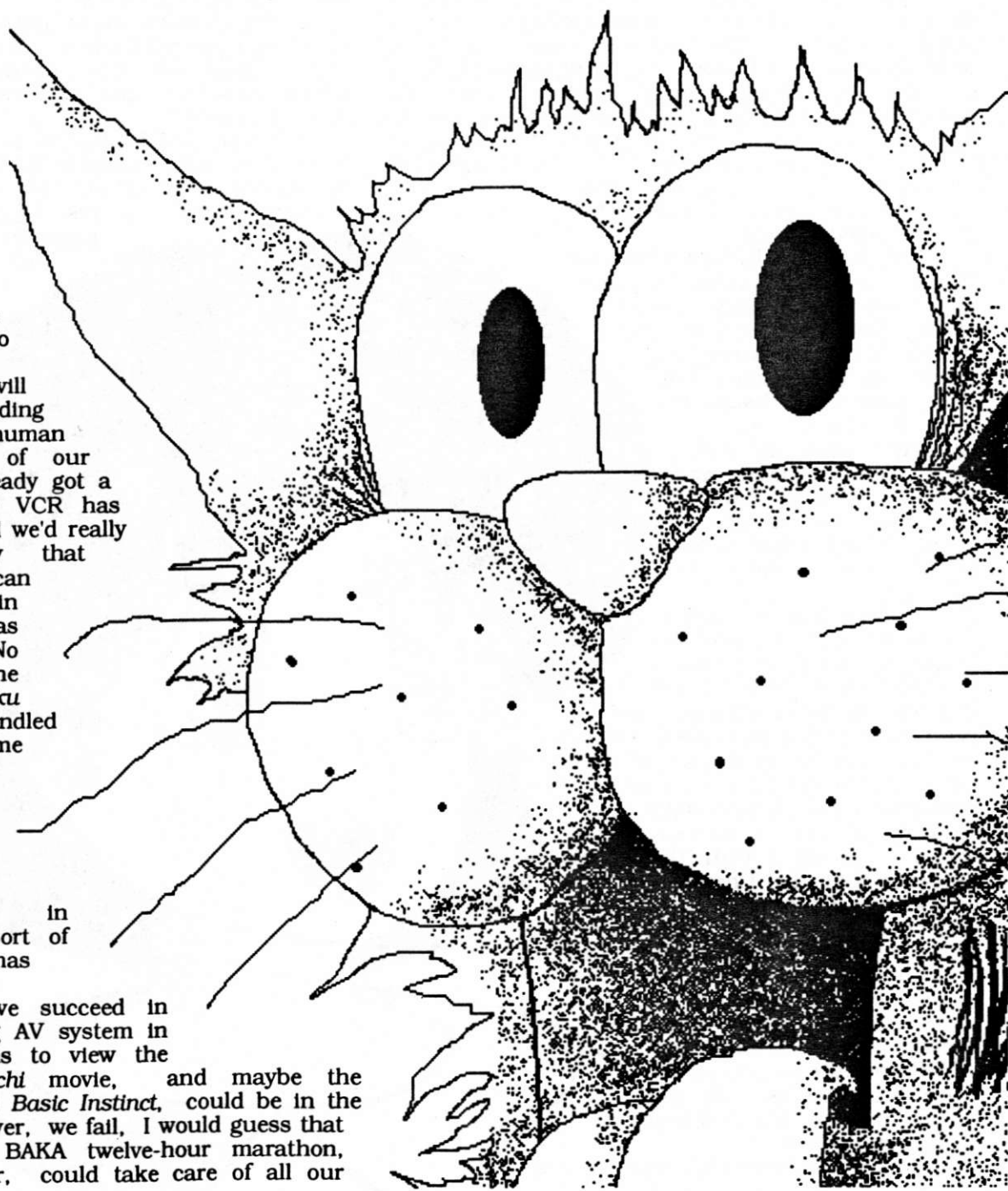
Work will proceed on upgrading the human accommodations of our office; we've already got a fridge, but our VCR has packed it in, and we'd really like to rectify that situation so we can present videos in the office as well as at meetings. No doubt the omnipresent *Nikaku* orders will be handled again sometime soon. As well, aside from our regular biweekly meetings, I'm sure we will come together in planning some sort of December/Christmas party.

Assuming we succeed in getting a working AV system in the office, plans to view the *Ranma Nibunochi* movie, and maybe the live-action feature *Basic Instinct*, could be in the works. If, however, we fail, I would guess that another famous BAKA twelve-hour marathon, held in December, could take care of all our

long-awaited leftovers.

And finally (**PLUG!**) the upgrades continue on the cover art of *Steel Eclipse*, and progress is being made on *Ninja Cyclops DIV*, the sequel to *RM3*, an excerpt of which was massacred in a previous edition of "B.A.K.A. no baka".

That's all we know at this time.





# Animator Spotlight

## Miyazaki: First Impressions

Warren Frey



My first experience with anime was, I think, somewhat similar to that of many North American fans. Every day at three p.m. I would rush home from school, eagerly anticipating today's episode of *Battle of the Planets*. For many fans, their first introduction to the genre was *Robotech*, but the basic experience was the same. What we saw was a bastardization of the actual Japanese production, but it still had an appeal that bland, American animation could not match. Later, as I discovered and appreciated Japanese animation in its original form, I began to notice that while the "pure" anime was better than what I had viewed before, some (if not most) of it suffered from the same artistic bankruptcy that seems to pervade American popular culture. With so much anime being produced, a sameness seems to pervade the various movies, OVAs and television programs. Speed lines, quick cutting, freeze frames and other animation "tricks" only serve to enhance this cookie-cutter mentality, making all anime seem the same. However, as with all art forms, there will always be those who push the envelope, using the medium in ways previously unforeseen. One of these innovators is Hayao Miyazaki.

Miyazaki's foremost strength seems to be the almost limitless bounds of his imagination. Whereas most anime present either a generic, pleasant view of Japan or a futuristic nightmare world, Miyazaki's work spans various times and places, incorporating many

styles of architecture and design. His worlds contain elements of European, North American and Japanese culture, but then build upon these styles to form a unique setting. Time seems to be somewhat malleable as well. The characters of *Kiki's Delivery Service* are adorned in eighteenth century garb and do not yet possess the power for flight, but at the same time use motor vehicles and watch black and white television. *Laputa* also contains such elements. Flying machines are highly advanced, with giant warships plying the air and small insect-like vehicles carrying pirates to their next bounty. At the same time, Pazu (the protagonist) works in pre-industrial conditions and walks through the cobbled streets of his native village. Imagination is a powerful ingredient in Miyazaki's vision, but this vision is essentially useless if the actual animation which presents it does not do it justice. Miyazaki does not disappoint on this score. There are no speed lines or other cost cutting measures to be found in his films. Every frame is exquisitely animated, with rich detail and lush coloring filling the vision of the audience.

Sound, another integral part of the viewing experience is not neglected by any means. The surround track to *Kiki's Delivery Service* is one of the best I have ever heard, rivalled only by the sensory overload found on such aural extravaganzas as *Terminator 2* and *Ghostbusters*. Everything that the audience sees is a product of Miyazaki's vision.

The only director holding comparable artistic control is Katsuhiro Otomo, the director of *Akira* and other anime. Even Otomo's films, though visually stunning, do not hold the depth and feeling of Miyazaki's films. Thus it is with great anticipation that I await further work from Hayao Miyazaki. From what I have seen of his work so far, he will not disappoint me.



# Phases of the Three Moons\*

(story feature)

## BLUE PHANTOM 3015

(part 1 of 3)

Wolf Wikeley

Doctor Sylvan Sheppard sat back in his large, comfortable office chair, gazing out the bay window and occasionally sipping from a glass of mineral water. Sheppard had the facial contours of a strong, energetic young man, somewhere in his twenties or early thirties. But an opposite effect was lent by his unnaturally white hair, which fell just beyond the collar of his lab coat. A person looking at him could either guess that he was an old man who'd taken plastic surgeries, or a young man possessed of certain eccentricities. The latter guess would be correct.

The decor of his spacious office matched his hair and laboratory clothes very well; everything was stark white, from the floor tiles to the ceiling plates to the virtual reality phone. The lush, sub-tropical landscape framed by the bay window contrasted vibrantly, colorful and warm even in the twilight. In the millennium since her devastation by total global war, the planet Earth had come a long way. She'd been recolonized by the citizens of Mars, nurtured back to life. Even though Earth had been the original source of life in the solar system, many return colonists, including Sheppard, considered her to be a second home, Mars being the new mother planet.

Sheppard swivelled his chair towards the VR phone at the sound of its call tone. A life-size image of his second in line at Sheptech Electromechanicals was projected in the corner of his office.

"Shep, Ashleigh here. Visitor for you." The woman was about five feet and eight inches tall - five inches shorter than Sheppard. She wore her hair short, tapered at the back and sides, and was attractive in a slim and youthful way.

"Who is it this time?" Sheppard asked dryly, though it was clear he had suspicions.

"Commander Stryker again, Shep. That makes how many visits this week? Four? How many times do we have to tell her the new line of suits won't be ready for another month?"

"Apparently, quite a few," he replied. "Okay, bring her in, Ash. I'll see what I can do to get her off our case."

Moments later, the real form of his second in line walked in, escorting Commander Stryker. Stryker was as tall as Dr. Sheppard, built both

strongly and generously. She styled her dark blonde hair loosely, letting it cascade down her shoulders past the midpoint of her back. Her snug red Earth Support Services uniform accented her features and offset her deep green eyes. Sheppard rose from his desk and inclined his head to the Commander. She might be the youngest servicewoman ever to make it to the rank of Commander, but she certainly drew all his respect and his attention as well.

"Commander Stryker. To what do I owe the pleasure?" he asked cordially.

"You've got a pretty good idea, I'm sure, Dr. Sheppard. But I won't go over the details with Dr. Bryant present... No offense, Doctor." Ashleigh nodded to the Commander, waved to Sheppard, and left the office. Stryker took a seat before the desk, and Sheppard reclaimed his own.

"It's about the new armoured suits, right, Commander?" he asked.

"It's got something to do with them. We are counting on having them ready, ASAP... But there's also another problem, one I've been monitoring for a couple of months now." Sheppard studied the mildly worried lines in her quite beautiful face.

"The Blue Phantom mecha?" he asked.

"Exactly."

"Tell me more," he implored. Stryker leaned forward slightly, intending to concentrate on the man and ensure he got all the details straight. But like so many times before she found the weight of his own attention to her immensely heavy. Not dangerous or threatening, but slightly unnerving nonetheless. Stryker leaned back a bit in the chair and told him what she knew.

"It's the usual story, Doctor. Quiet night, dark, moon out in full view, solar reflecting satellites glittering in the sky. Nothing new on scanners and scopes. Regular patrols are reporting all clear. And then suddenly somebody spots this mecha, a compact suit with high power thrusters and some sort of device that enables it to fly right through our sensor nets undetected. Pursuits start up and invariably fail, because the thing's so damn fast and maneuverable. The thing just buzzes by our patrols and our headquarters. And... And there's something else about this blue mecha..." She turned her eyes away for a moment.

"What?" Sheppard asked gently.

"It seems to have some personal obsession with me. It's intent on stalking me. Whenever I take my own power suit out there to do the



inspection myself, the Phantom just seems to want to follow me. It never gets close, and I sure can't get close. But it watches me... It attends every move I make. As soon as I arm weapons, so frustrated I'm willing to try disabling it, it disappears. But it always comes back... It scares me a little, Shep."

"Is there any indication it's actually hostile?"

"I have no idea. None at all..." Stryker clenched her fists for a moment, then firmly but gently put a flat palm down on the top of the Doctor's desk. "At any rate, I need your help to solve this problem. Get me something that'll track the Phantom and maybe even scramble its circuits. This is getting to be more than a minor annoyance; I want to bring that thing out of the sky without further delay... Got it, Shep?"

"But, Commander... With no specs and readings on the craft, how do you expect me to design a custom tracki-"

"Improvise, Dr. Sheppard. Do whatever you have to do. But I want the Blue Phantom brought down to Earth. And you're going to help me do it." Sheppard nodded obediently, and Stryker rose from her seat. The Doctor stood a moment later.

"I'll do my best to comply with your instructions, Stryker," Sheppard pledged. Stryker nodded with her eyes only. Then, she extended her hand, clasped his with warm firmness.

"Keep up the good work, Shep." Pins and needles seemed to shoot up the Doctor's arm from her touch. Then their hands parted, and Stryker turned on a heel to leave. Only to be replaced seconds later by Dr. Ashleigh Bryant. Sheppard dropped himself back into his chair, and Ashleigh went to his side, with a calm but concerned look.

"You're really drained, Sylvan," she

said to him quietly. "That young whiplasher really takes a lot out of you."

Shep nodded thoughtfully.

"Yeah. Comes with the job, I guess. When you supply to the ESS, you have to deal with them personally as well..." Ashleigh took the distracted look on Shep's face for veiled frustration.

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"Improvise, Dr. Sheppard. Do whatever you have to do. But I want the Blue Phantom brought down to Earth. And you're going to help me do it."

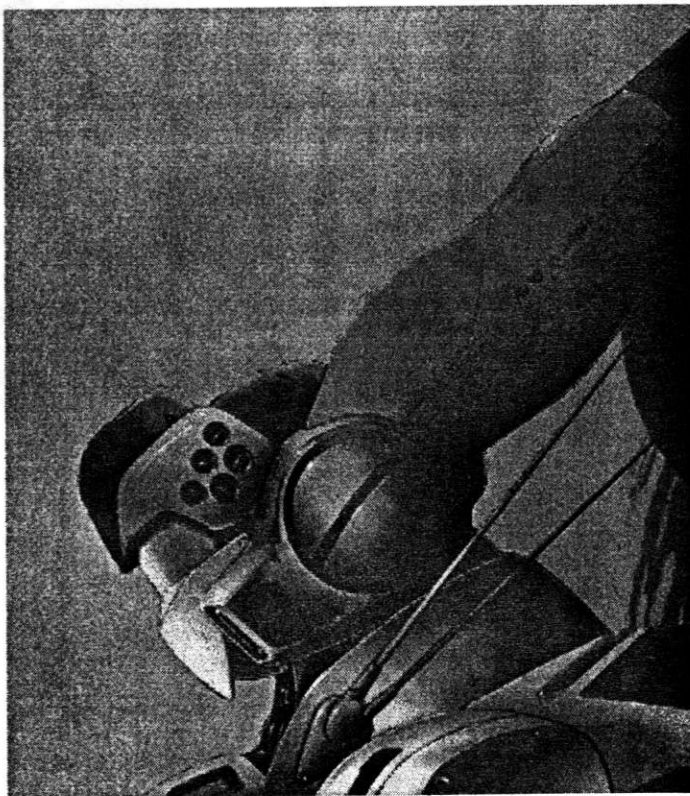
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"Well don't worry; you don't have to care what she thinks or says. She's just a minor cog in the military machine anyway. She's nothing to you personally. She's just forcing you to do your duty - not talking to you like a real person..." Ashleigh slipped an arm around Shep's shoulders. He almost resisted her. "You know I care how you feel."

Ashleigh was obviously going to kiss the Doctor, but he broke away at the last minute, rising from his chair. She looked at him questioningly, and he feigned a complacent smile for her.

"I'm okay, Ash," he assured her. "But it's going to be night soon, and I really should head down to plant five to do the personal inspection on the polarity point encasing unit... Thanks, for everything... Talk to you later."

With that, he left Dr. Bryant alone in his office, bound for the depths of the Sheptech Electromechanicals building. Ashleigh sat down in Sheppard's chair, turned to look out into the darkening evening, at the full moon rising in the starry sky. The night was so clear that she could see the tiny sparkles of light that glittered off the solar reflection satellites in orbit - climate control devices that supplied extra sunlight in areas where it was needed. Eyes wide open, she scanned the sky intently, for she too had heard the rumours about the mysterious Blue Phantom mecha that roamed the night sky.



# Hollywood Minute

## Movies & Anime

Warren Frey

American culture is a worldwide phenomenon. McDonalds exists in virtually every civilized nation in the world, and there are very few individuals on the planet that have not heard of Mickey Mouse or Superman. Thus it should come as no surprise to anyone that American films dominate and influence to a very large extent the films and artwork of other countries. Anime is no exception. Many anime go so far as to copy wholesale sequences in American movies, at time as a sort of tribute and at times out of creative bankruptcy. One example of this curious trend is the *AD Police* series. In one episode, a sequence from *Blade Runner* (Ridley Scott, 1982) is copied shot for shot. The shot in question is the sequence where Deckard is hunting down the assassin replicant Zhora. The smashing glass, the gunshots, and the blood are all there, in exactly the same fashion as in the film itself. However, the creators of *AD Police* were not content to keep themselves to the science fiction genre. In a later episode, *Dressed to Kill* (Brian De Palma, 1980) is copied, with a victim being stabbed on a subway by a figure of ambiguous sexuality wielding a scalpel. Sound familiar? *AD Police* is not the only anime to use Hollywood material. *Riding Bean*, although an excellent and very entertaining anime, is guilty of the same plagiarism. The scene where Bean is chasing his enemies underneath a bridge is very reminiscent of a similar chase in *The French Connection* (William Friedkin, 1974). American television is also not immune to copying. Glimpses of the *USS Enterprise* can be seen in the *Dirty Pair* series. The giant probe from *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* (Leonard Nimoy, 1986) can also be glimpsed in *Project A-ko 4*. Movie theft is not limited to the merely visual. The sound effects from *Aliens* (James Cameron, 1986) can be heard in many anime. The *Alien* trilogy seems to be especially popular, since very derivative versions of the creatures are used as the army of Professor Watsuman in *Dirty Pair: Project Eden*. It would seem that American films are a well from which the Japanese will draw from for years to come.

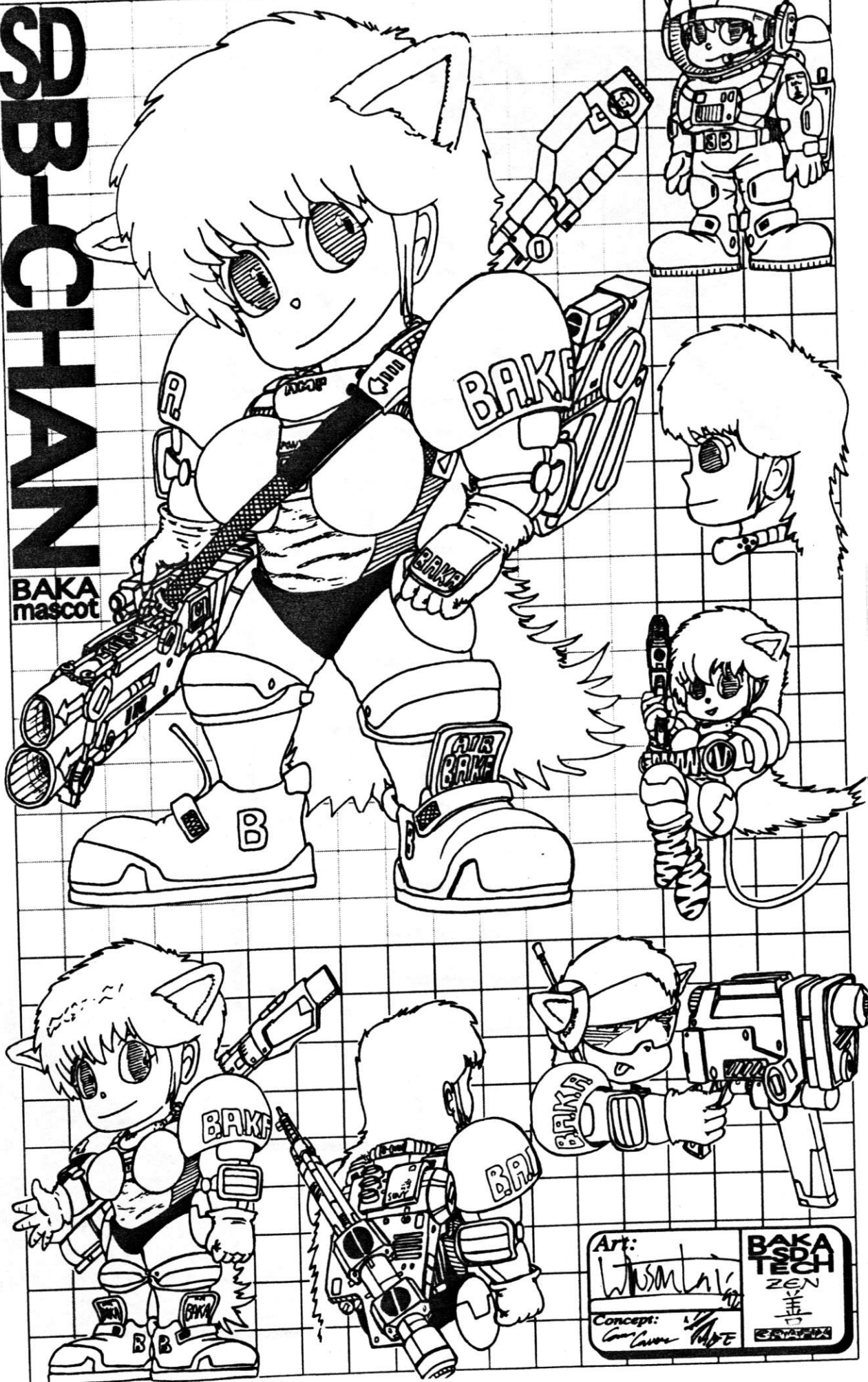
It is all very well to accuse the Japanese of creative theft, but what of American efforts to pilfer anime? Well, the less said of the live-action *Guyver* movie, the better. The same applies to *Robot Jox*, a giant

robot film along much the same lines as *Gundam*, but without the story, characters or acting to make the film anywhere as interesting as *Gundam* is. Model photography that looks something like "Lego goes to War" doesn't help. It would seem that American know-how is no replacement for Japanese creative copying. It also seems that as long as American culture pervades the world's consciousness, stealing of American film content will continue. And why not? If nothing else, it provides entertainment for film buffs and anime fans alike.



SD  
B-CHAN

BAKA  
mascot





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